

# Good Morning 454

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## Wheels keep on turning, P.O. Jack Frankland

IF you want to know what makes the wheels go round, ask First Class Petty Officer Jack Frankland, because when he's on leave he becomes the Cycling Sailor, and the wheels of his bicycle never stop turning.

It's his mother's one regret when he is home on leave that she sees so little of him. At the first opportunity Jack "hits the road," and gets a great kick out of seeing the country again.

When "Good Morning" called at 41, Cavendish Terrace, Halifax, Yorks., the house was a hive of industry, and as usual Mary, one of his sisters, had pieces of material of all shapes, colours and sizes, spread about the place while she worked busily at the sewing machine.

They are all well at home, Jack, and as you are bound to be itching for news of that

precious "bike," we'll put you at ease by telling you that it's carefully stored away in the attic awaiting your return.

Your mother had a letter from Beatrice, that Wren girl friend, who is very well and getting along nicely.

She says she'll tell you a thing or two about nautical matters when she sees you again . . . surely you won't let her get away with that?

The family hope you like life in the submarine service after those persistent efforts to get in. Even the recruiting officer had to admit you were a "persistent bloke."

Mother asked us to tell you that she doesn't let anyone touch your bike, and incidentally she's wondering how long it will be before it's "a bicycle made for two!"

## Very Odd

A lance-corporal was originally one of a troop of gentlemen on horseback who, having his lance broken in combat and his horse disabled, then served the army in the ranks. The word "sergeant" originally meant "servant."

There is a tree-frog in South America that makes its nest in trees and has a voice that sounds like a flute. A number of them keep up this "singing" in complete harmony. Half its life is spent in the water below the nests.

Sinbad the Sailor was actually a sailor. He was an Arab named Suleiman, who, about A.D. 850, sailed Eastward, and when he returned he always told his tales, most of them highly imaginative, to his friends in his house in Bagdad.

# THIS DAMN SWINDLE

Stuart Martin tells "What Cashier Forgot"

IT must be admitted that Francis King was original, even in crime. He was the man who defrauded the banks of London at the beginning of this century, the man who signed his name on cheques as "D. S. Windell"; and that was an expansion of his mental admission that the signature was a D. Swindle.

He was cashier at the London and South-Western Bank. His wage was about £3 weekly, and he had other grievances. (Many of these grievances have been aired on platforms since then). But King nursed his grievances and came to the conclusion that if the banks made big profits he might as well cash in on the doings. That was one of the outcomes of his mental travail.

HE had been brought up by his parents on strict lines, and his philosophy, unaided, concluded that it was not morally wrong for him to make the bank cough up some dough. He was a well-read young man, a student of sociology, a mechanic; and he had some knowledge of electricity. I mention this to give you a picture of the mind that evolved these gay, yet serious, swindles.

He formed his scheme nicely. He knew all about bank procedure. He had made the acquaintance of Robert Isaac, otherwise Bernard Isaac Robert, son of a Dutch father and an English mother, and the two joined hands in the crime! But King was to remain in the background.

So up goes the curtain at Victoria Station, London, one fine September morning in 1908, when a well-dressed young man hailed a taxi. He told the driver to take him to the Vauxhall branch of the London and South-Western Bank, and to draw up a few doors from the bank door.

Into the bank he sauntered. The cashier was busy at the moment with another customer, so the young man waited patiently; and when his turn came he asked if his account had been transferred from the Harlesden branch to the Vauxhall branch. It had. The cashier was, indeed, expecting somebody to call.

The official document which recorded the transfer stated that the account of D. S. Windell, which was being transferred, stood at over £700, and that it had been opened in May, 1905. The customer's average balance was between six hundred and seven hundred

pounds. The pass-book would follow.

So Mr. D. S. Windell stepped into the manager's office, signed his name, and drew a goodly sum from the account. He wished the manager a cheerful "Good morning."

His taxi was waiting for him and he got into it. We need not go through all that morning's routine, but the taxi called at the branches of the bank at Tulse Hill, Forest Hill, Balham, Dulwich, Clapham, Streatham and Catford.

The taxi driver wondered why he was always told to stop the cab "a few doors away" from the bank entrances. So when he was told to repeat the process at yet another branch, the taximan drove right up to the bank door. Just because he wondered!

But the young Mr. D. S. Windell did not this time get out of the cab. No, he sat still and seemed to be thinking things out; and finally he asked the driver to drive to the head office of the bank, which was situated in Fenchurch-street. The driver thought this, then, was no case for wonder. So he drove.

At Fenchurch-street, Mr. D. S. Windell paid for the taxi rides and walked into the bank. The taximan drove off. He did not know, of course, that Mr. D. S. Windell simply walked through the building and out by the back door!

Altogether he had collected a sum of £2,300 that morning. It had been so simple. And I remember, when talking over this case with a detective who was engaged on it, that surprise was expressed that £2,300 was all that had been collected. More might have been had.

The answer to that is simple. I made a great many inquiries into the case of D. S. Windell, and I have reason for belief that he did not carry out all his programme. The expression on the face of the taxi-driver, I think, made him cut short his visits to the bank branches. He felt that suspicion had been aroused.

Well, it hadn't—not then. But suspicion certainly flared up one morning shortly afterwards when the manager of the Harlesden branch found that this customer's account had been "transferred" to eight different branches! The transfers had taken place all at once, all on that nice September morning!

You can imagine the confusion that suddenly descended on the bank. But a greater confusion fell down like a ton of bricks from the ceiling. The "transfers" had been made of an account that did not exist.

When that was established the telephone rang in Scotland Yard. Det.-Inspector Bower was given charge. He had had some experience in things like this, and he was pretty shrewd.

First thing Bower did was to visit the bank, get every bit of information he could, and then he sat down and probed for the solution of the tangle.

He got his clue pretty quickly. Said Det.-Inspector Bower: "This was done by an employee of the bank itself."

And this was the clue that D. S. Windell forgot he had left behind; the clue that led straight to him, and clung to him until he was arrested.

You see, the bank—like most banks—had a code word which was used in its transactions. This code word was written on every letter, or document, of the bank. The code word was changed every week. And that week the code word was "tack."

Now, the advice notes to all these branches from the Harlesden branch bore the manager's signature. Even the perforated stamps used were in order. So that was why Bower decided that there was an employee who was the criminal.

But which employee? The bank had hundreds. If you want to learn how thoroughly conditions and events are searched for a criminal you should learn how Scotland Yard works. Patiently, thoroughly, without hurry; but inevitably. It is like the moving of a mountain. It starts slowly, but it grinds small.

Bower examined somewhere about 100,000 forms before he came to the conclusion that the printer who delivered the forms had done so to the West Kensington branch of the bank.

Now he examined the writing on the forms. He examined, and got his expert colleagues to look at the characteristics of the writing. It was found, after careful and minute examination, that there were three employees of the bank who had the habit of forming letters in such a way.

But not all of them wrote the code word, the secret "tack," in exactly the same way. But these employees could not be asked to write the word "tack" without arousing suspicion, so patience had again to be exercised.

The difference in the writing, so small that magnifying glasses alone revealed it, was in the "ack."

Moreover, the detective looking through the list of customers, found that there was a customer named Zackory Tahan, and his account was in charge of Francis King, cashier at West Kensington.

"I want King out of the way," said Bower; and on

some excuse Francis King was transferred to the Clapham branch, so that Bower could go on with his investigations.

But Francis King was no fool. To his sharp mind there were a dozen signs that the net was narrowing around him. He knew, for one thing, that the numbers of the five-pound notes paid over to him had been taken. He still had these notes. How was he to get rid of them?

He made a week-end visit to Antwerp, believing that the numbers would not be known there. Maybe he was right in this, but his nerve gave way when he saw the cashier there looking down a list by his side.

King knew what that meant. He himself had scanned similar lists in his office. He could not wait for the result of the Antwerp cashier's scrutiny. He left the bank hurriedly without waiting for the cashier to challenge the notes.

He caught the boat back to this country, and was in his bank branch on the Monday morning as if nothing had happened.

But meanwhile the other man, the real D. S. Windell (otherwise Robert), who had diddled the banks, was touring the Continent on his share of the loot. The notes he was circulating began to come back. That was what Scotland Yard was waiting for. Several pairs of detectives went to the Continent.

They traced the notes from bank to bank. They found Robert in Madrid. "I'm sorry I gave you so much trouble,"

## Odd Quotes

Let observation with extensive view  
Survey mankind from China to Peru.

Sam. Johnson  
(1709-1784).

A man used to vicissitudes  
is not easily dejected.

Sam. Johnson  
(1709-1784).

It matters not how a man  
dies, but how he lives.

Sam Johnson.

None without hope e'er  
loved the brightest fair,  
But love can hope where  
reason would despair.

Lord Lyttleton  
(1709-1773).

## "In the Mood"

### E. A. Alfred Ellis?

THE sound of someone strumming a ukulele floated through the open front door of 7 Lindley Terrace, Kirkstall, Leeds, home of Alfred Ellis, submarine electrician.

We found it was Mrs. Ellis trying her hand on one of the instruments which delight Alfred when he's on leave, because apparently he's quite a musical submariner, being an able performer on the violin and piano as well as the "uke."

Our guess is that Alfred will be whistling "In the Mood" as he reads this—the tune he nearly drives the household crazy with whenever he gets near the piano.

Anyway, Alfred, your mother wishes you were home, even if it does mean "In the Mood" from morning until night. The family are all in the best of health and spirits.



he told the detectives who brought him back.

And then King was arrested, and the whole story came out. At the trial King defended himself, but Robert didn't bother. He gave a statement in which he said that he "had no thought of dishonesty," and that when he signed the forms "it was as though somebody else was doing it."

Well, the jury rightly did not think so. The two went to penal servitude. And King didn't even get a happy trip to the Continent, as his pal did.

Your letters are welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# Dr. Fergusson, I presume?

## Part XIX

"If we had not taken the precaution to lighten the balloon last night," said the doctor, "we should have been lost without hope."

The forest was cleared, and the travellers could see about twenty horsemen clothed in white trousers and floating burnous; they were armed, some with lances, others with long muskets; they were galloping after the Victoria, which was not going at a great speed. At the sight of the travellers, they threatened them with gestures, and their ferocious faces wore expressions of savage anger; they were having an easy ride over the plains which descend to the Senegal.

"It is they!" said the doctor. "The cruel Talibas! I would rather be in a forest surrounded by wild beasts than fall into the hands of these bandits."

"They don't look amiable, I must say," said Kennedy. "Look at those villages in ruins! That is their work; they make fertile places barren."

"They can't reach us as it is," replied Kennedy; "and if we succeed in putting the river between us, we shall be in safety."

"In that case, we had better prepare our arms," said Kennedy, taking up his rifle.

"Yes, sir. I'm glad we did not throw them overboard."

## WANGLING WORDS—393

1. Put wash in SRY and reduce it to bondage.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Notes on hagster a soms grinoll.**
3. In the following four animals the same numbers stand for the same letters throughout. What are they? 2537, 2137, 6117, 651.
4. Find the three hidden countries in: In diagnosing your complaint I ransacked the medical dictionary while at lunch in a shop.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 392

1. SmileS. (A "miss" is as good as a "mile"!)
2. Many hands make light work.
3. Sussex, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk.
4. Al-Bert-a, Man-I-to-ba.

They carefully loaded them; there remained enough ammunition.

The pursuit of the Talibas continued all the morning. Towards 11 a.m. the travellers had scarcely gone fifteen miles westward. The doctor watched the least clouds; he still feared a change in the wind. Supposing they were carried back towards the Niger, what would become of them.

Besides, he found that the balloon was visibly sinking. Since it started it had lost more than 300 feet, and the Senegal must be still twelve miles off. With their present speed it would take them another three hours to get to it. At that moment his attention was attracted by fresh cries. The Talibas were pressing on their horses. The doctor looked at the barometer, and understood the cause.

"We are sinking," said Kennedy.

"Yes," answered Fergusson.

In another fifteen minutes the car was not 150 feet from the ground, but the wind was blowing a little stronger. The Talibas rose in their saddles, and discharged their muskets in the air. "Too far off, you fools!" called out Joe, and taking aim at one of the nearest, he fired; the Talibas fell, his companions stopped, and the Victoria gained.

"They are prudent," said Kennedy. "Because they felt certain of taking us," answered the doctor, "and they will, if we sink any lower. We must go up."

"What shall I throw out?" asked Joe. "All our remaining pemmican. There are 30lbs. of it."

As Joe obeyed, the car, which almost touched the ground, rose again amidst the cries of the Talibas; but half an hour later the Victoria was rapidly descending again.

The gas was pouring out between the pores of the envelope. The car soon touched the ground, and the Marabouts rushed towards it; but as soon as the Victoria touched the ground it made a prodigious bound, and touched the ground again a mile farther on.

"Throw out the brandy, Joe," cried the doctor, "and our instruments; everything that has any weight, and our last anchor, since it must go!"

The Victoria was emptying fast, and its envelope was getting flabby and long.

"We must give it up," said Kennedy. "There's nothing for it but to fall."

## Five Weeks in a Balloon

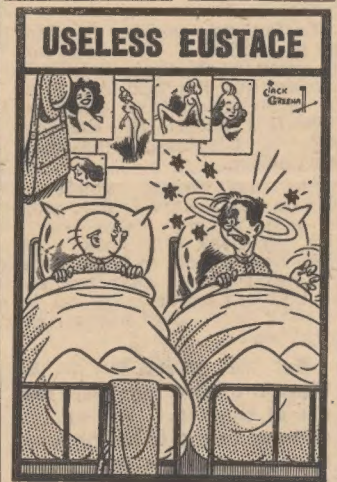
By JULES VERNE

Joe did not answer; he looked at his master.

"No," said the doctor, "we have still more than 150 lbs. weight to get rid of."

"What?" cried Kennedy, thinking that the doctor was going mad.

"The car!" he answered. "We can hold on to the net, and so reach the river! Quick!—quick!"



"What a dream I've just had! What a dream! Dreamed I soaked old Sarge in the eye!"

They climbed up, and Joe, holding by one hand, cut the cords of the car; it fell at the moment the balloon was going to fall to rise no more.

The balloon rose 300 feet into the air. It met with a stronger wind, which carried it on faster than the horsemen galloped.

The three friends held by the net; they had fastened it under them, so that it formed a kind of floating pocket. After they had passed the hill the doctor suddenly called out:

"The river! The river! The Senegal!"

There it lay two miles off, a wide sheet of water. The opposite bank was low and fertile, offered a sure retreat, and a favourable place for the descent.

"Another fifteen minutes," said Fergusson, "and we are safe!"

But it was not to be; the empty balloon fell little by little on a ground almost destitute of vegetation. It bounded as before, but its springs grew lower and lower. At last it caught by the network in

the top branches of a baobab, a single tree isolated in the midst of a desert.

The three unfortunate men got down, and the doctor dragged his two companions towards the Senegal. A dull roar broke on their ears as they approached, and on getting nearer Fergusson recognised the Gouina Falls!

Not a bark was on the river; not a living creature near. The impossibility of crossing a width of 2,000 feet, where the water fell 150 feet, was evident. Kennedy made a gesture of despair. But Dr. Fergusson, with an energetic accent of daring, cried:

"There's something yet to be tried!"

"I thought so," said Joe, with that confidence in his master which never abandoned him.

The sight of some dried-up grass that grew about there had inspired the doctor with a bold idea. It was his last chance of safety. He took his two companions rapidly back towards the envelope of the balloon.

"We have at least an hour's advance on those bandits," said he; "but we have no time to lose; gather a great quantity of that dry grass; I want at least 100 lbs. of it."

"What for?" asked Kennedy. "As all my gas is gone, I'll cross the river with hot air!"

Joe and Kennedy set to work, and an enormous haystack was soon raised near the baobab. In the meantime, the doctor had enlarged the orifice of the balloon by cutting its lower end; he first let out all the remaining hydrogen by its valve; then he piled a quantity of the dried herb under the envelope and set fire to it.

It does not take long to fill a balloon with hot air; a heat of 180° is sufficient to diminish the weight of the air one half by rarefying it, so the Victoria soon began to look round again; there was plenty of grass, the doctor fed the fire diligently, and the balloon filled rapidly.

At that moment the Talibas appeared two miles off; they heard their cries and their horses' hoofs.

"They will be here in twenty minutes," said Kennedy.

"More grass, Joe! In ten minutes we shall be off!"

The Victoria was two-thirds full.

"My friends, hold on by the net as we did before."

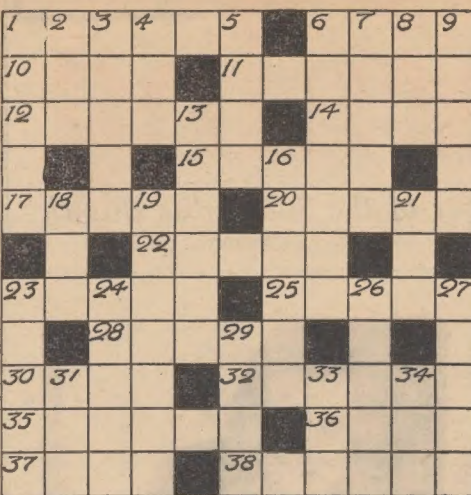
"All right!" said the hunter.

In ten minutes more the balloon showed a tendency to rise. The Talibas were approaching. They were only 500 paces off.

"Hold on well!" cried the doctor, and pushed a large quantity of grass on the flame.

The balloon, quite dilated by the increase in the temperature, rose over the baobab. A discharge of muskets was then heard, and one of the bullets grazed Joe's shoulder; but Kennedy discharged his rifle with one hand, and sent another enemy to the ground. Cries of rage, impossible to describe, were

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Box.
- 6 Garment.
- 10 Furrow.
- 11 Wise adviser.
- 12 Derivation.
- 14 Change.
- 15 Brown pigment.
- 17 Removes.
- 20 Speaks noisily.
- 22 External.
- 23 Bright light.
- 25 Bring.
- 28 Sécator.
- 30 Pretended.
- 32 Gilded bronze.
- 35 Harangue.
- 36 Flag.
- 37 Start.
- 38 Composed.

SPARS PRIM  
ROAD CLAUSE  
ALUM RIDDLE  
PELICAN EAT  
I REPEL N  
DARED RUDDY  
CORAL ROSE  
DAW REMIT A  
ACID MEDALS  
MINIMUM GET  
PAGE RODEO

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Darken.
- 2 Melody.
- 3 Show disapproval.
- 4 Cask.
- 5 Colour-shade.
- 6 Rich food.
- 7 Sea.
- 8 Drink.
- 9 Conditions.
- 13 Emerged.
- 16 Like better.
- 18 Bird.
- 19 Ganger.
- 21 Neuralgia.
- 23 Zest.
- 24 Conscious.
- 26 Girl's name.
- 27 Accommodate.
- 29 Proceeds.
- 31 Wild fruit.
- 33 Half.
- 34 Kindled.

heard as the balloon mounted 800 feet into the air. A rapid wind seized it, and swayed it about dangerously, whilst the doctor and his companions contemplated the gulf of the Cataracts under them.

Ten minutes after, without having exchanged a word, the intrepid travellers gradually descended upon the other bank of the river.

There, astonished and alarmed, stood a group of ten men in the French uniform. They did not know what to make of it till a lieutenant of marine and an ensign, who were there, and had read of the doctor's daring attempt, explained the phenomenon to their companions.

The balloon fell before the travellers could reach land; the Frenchmen rushed into the river and received the three Englishmen in their arms at the moment when the Victoria fell at a hundred yards from the left bank of the Senegal.

"Dr. Fergusson?" cried the lieutenant.

"And his two friends," said the doctor quietly. The Frenchmen carried the travellers to the land, whilst the half-inflated balloon, carried off by a rapid current, fell with the Senegal into the Gouina Cataracts.

From the Gouina Falls the travellers proceeded to Medine, situated more to the north of the river. There the French officers received them most hospitably; there they embarked on board a little steamboat, the *Basilic*, which was going down to the mouth of the Senegal.

A fortnight after, on the 10th of June, they arrived at Saint Louis, where the governor received them magnificently; they were completely recovered from their emotions and fatigues.

An English frigate was setting out; the three travellers took their passage in it, and on the 25th of June they arrived at Portsmouth, and were in London the next day.

THE END

## QUIZ for today

1. Roral means rustic, noisy, sweet, dewy, dry, rough?
2. How many towns can you think of beginning with Q?
3. What common instrument contains a part called a "pallet stone"?
4. Who was the first Danish King of England and when did he come to the throne?
5. With what implements do you play a game of Shell Out?
6. All the following are real words except one. Which is it? Lemma, Leman, Lemmor, Lemon, Lemming.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 453

1. Tip paid to reapers.
2. Cobalt, Chrome, Carmine, Cerise, Cerulean, Claret, China blue.
3. Roscid means dewy; rancid means sour.
4. Charioteer.
5. Darts; it means the double 1.
6. Leishore.

## J.S. Newcombe's Short odd—But true

In Madagascar the old natives (and some of the younger ones) always salute crocodiles when they pass a river or pool where the creatures live. The habit arose out of an ancient legend that supposed the crocodiles would not eat, or attack, a man who thus showed his respect for them. Stories are told of how the crocodiles in turn respected the men who saluted.



"Darlingest sweet, I believe the dance is over."

## JANE









# Good Morning

Portrait of a lady saying  
A MILLION  
TIMES NO!



"Yes, whenever I've got trouble I go along to Baa-lamb and tell him what I think of this so-and-so world."

"Cor! That's struck me risible nerve, all right."



To your right you have Universal's lovely Vera Zorina showing off a couple of spangles or so.



## This England

Wadham College, Oxford, under the pale light of an April morning. This college was founded in 1612.



### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

